triumplant:



FIFTH EPISODE Woman In Trouble.

yearns, 1915, by Serial Publication Cor-

CHAPTER L T old black Aunt Debby was dressed in her best marketing clothes, the green percale with the big yellow flowers, and the blue hat with the nodding red were set for forward on her dess wig. The marketing trip to city and been one of Aunt Debby's hief joys, but today the buoyancy and high pitched laugh of excitement

You'll stop at Ned's for Mr. Moore bley," said Mrs. Moove. Yassum." Aunt Debby stole a glance

June's portrait on the wall. "Youain't heard nothin' yet of Miss At the sound of that name Bouncer

instantly, head up, ears perked, all wagging, eyes enger, mouth open was at the window with his paws still and ready to bark He who dinstead and dropped his paws

was June? That pozzling dem filled the entire mind of Aunt abby as by the side of the driver she



Today the Buoyancy and High Pitched

pun into the city in the Moore limou no. And that puzzling problem filled the entire mind of John Moore as he Where was June? A dozen private

letectives were scouring the city of New York for her, and they reported to stern faced young man who sat in he lonely apartments which June and | dex card. ie had fitted up to be their nest, his nly companion a miniature of his ovely bride

Where was June? Who was this mysterious Gilbert Blye? What was ats power over Ned Warner's bride? into the streets in his never ending

At that moment the door of a strange house had slammed abcuptly behind benutiful June Warner. And Gilbert in emergencies. She snatched up the live had furnished this address to

lune s employment ogency. A blase tooking page girl inspected June impudently in the dim light of the ball, then with a significant grin left June standing there and awaggered through a door at the end of the it out. It contained the name of Jackson hall June was startled as that door opened and a blaze of light came out ith the chatter of many shrill voices. In there, and wreaths of curling 'slue And the unfortunate Mrs. Percy seem smoke, moved handsomely gowned we | ed to shrink into hopeless despair as men, and many of them nonchalantly she realized the implacable organizapuffed at cigarettes. At that instant the smiling Gilbert Blye's key grated

in the tock. A large yellow haired woman came hurrying from the salon with June's employment agency card in her hand. "Right this way, hency," she casped in a voice to which the honey was foreign, and she led the way to a small side room at the left of the salon As Jone reluctantly entered the strangely furnished little room at the left Gilbert

Biye came in at the front door. With a smile upon his lips and glintng in his dark eyes be hurried straight back toward the little room in which

stood June, now alone and frightened At that instant a huge, clumsy maid came tumbling up from the basement. followed by a puff of yellow smoke. With her eyes distended and her mouth open, ready for the yell of "Fire!" she rushed to the door of the salon, but before she could reach it Gilbert Biye had her roughly by the arm and pushed her through the door which led to the busement. He stood staring at the smoke which came curling ominously through that opening, glanced again toward June's room and dashed down the stairs.

llustrating our story.

ed anything important."

'Not very.'

man's reply.

dred dollars"

a sharp question.

limply in the chair.

sion.

all right.

had lost!

wife's friend."

about, but she did know that it was

all unpleasant and beartless and de-grading. She was starting to go when

omething on Mrs. Perry's face touch

ed her sympathies and held her.
"Yes, it's Gwen," trembled Mrs. Per-

ry, her nervous fingers clutching des

perately to keep the quaver from her

be heard distinctly outside the phone.

ing-"I-I have to have some money."

"Jack"-the voice was full of plead

The frown of the yellow haired wo

man deepened as she listened to the

"I know it's a week before my allow

now she turned her eyes imploringly

toward the stony, yellow haired one

"But I just must have it! Eight hun-

The man's voice boomed an incredu

lous exclamation over the wire; then

yes, Jack, I know I was supposed to

keep them paid out of my allowance

I didn't want to tell you this until we

could sit down quietly together, only

they're pressing me for payment! And

the allowance isn't enough, Jackson's

The man's heavy voice had interrupt

ed her calmly, coldly. She sank back

June hung up the receiver. She was

surprised to see the yellow hatred wo-

man put up her own phone and come

across the room with a benign expres

"Yes," she said and moistened her iips, "he said that he'd go over those

"I heard him myself." And the yel-

"Here's your I. O. U., dearle.

low haired woman grinned across at

I've O. K.'d it. You better go in and play awhile for your nerves."

"Thank you!" she gasped and hue

The other woman grabbed her phone.

"Hello! Mr. Perry, please. This is his

June moved for her hat and coat.

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden;" she called.

Hello, Mr. Perry! Say, your wife

The man at the other end of the wire

'All right, bring the police if you

want," snapped the yellow haired wom

an. "I guess I can stand the notoriety

if you and your wife can. And, say, checks don't go. Bring cash. It's eight

June stood aghast. A gambling house

with her empty market basket. Two

blocks up Officer Dowd carried her

basket two blocks off his bent to

where Officer Kernan held up the traf-

fic both ways while she described the

chicken potpie she intended to make

for dinner. All this was, first, because

the Widow O'Keefe's husband had

been the most popular man on the

force and, second, because Marie, plain

of feature though she was, had found

"Von Marie? Wha's Miss Junie? 1

Aunt Debby! Her two fat black

"I do not know you!" she declared.

"You don't know me!" Aunt Debby

in herself an unexpected kunck for

apparently took a moment to gasp for

breath; then the wire boomed.

Mrs. Perry straightened up.

bills with me touight."

"Cheer up." she advised. "Hubby's

Yes, I know you've raised it oh!"

Why-why, it's to pay bills! Yes

"I-I hope I haven't interrupt-

The man's voice could

That was a strangely furnished little room in which June Yound berself. There were two desks and a filing cabinet and some office chairs, but there were a insurious couch and dainty bangings, a soft rug and pink paneled walls and celling. It was all so incongruous. And the work-it was queer too. The yellow haired woman came in from the parlor presently and explained the posting into small blank books of many memorandum silns. Each slip contained the name of a woioun and a sum of money. There were no slips for men, but there were index cards about men. Jone puzzled as to what met of business this might be.

The page girl swished in with one of the memorandom slips. The yellow head, whose face was puffy and more highly colored than was wholesome, took the slip, looked at the name on it. frowned, shook her head and went out with the girl. She entered the salon and stood surveying the scene with cold abstruction. Around a long table sat the women whom June had seen. They all had cards in front of them and stacks of playing chips, and a rawbound woman sitting on a higher chair than the rest was dealing. The yellow haired woman fixed ber attention on the gambler next to the dealer. She was a fluffy blond with a feverish glit ter in her eyes, and she was bent so intently upon the fall of the eards that she did not notice the door open and

Poor June! She glanced about her with growing repugnance. She was been given a drink of some strong abjectly miserable, and suddenly she stimulant, and she clutched engerly at

Ned! Why had she run away from hitm?

In the gambling room the fluffy blond who had played so feverishly staked ried from the room. and lost the last chip in front of her. She turned impetiently to look for the page girl. She met instead the cold, hard eye of the yellow haired woman. who guletly motioned her. The player rose rejuctantly, and fright came into her face as she followed into the hall and to the little office where June had been installed.

You've reached the limit, Mrs. Perry." announced the yellow haired we man, turning on the unlucky one sharply as she closed the door. Here is the I. O. U. Belle brought to me. I have not O. K.'d it."

"It's only for \$50," faltered Mrs. Perry. "I wouldn't O. K. it for 50 cents,

mapped the other "Now, I want acfrom this room." "No, no!" The woman wrung be-

hands. "I'll talk to him tonight!" "I know that game," she scorned. and from June's desk she took an in

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden," she told the new secretary. "Ask for Mr. Perry, and say that his wife wishes to speak with him."

"No!" cried Mrs. Perry hysterically. and reached over Juno's shoulder to Ned seized his hat and strode forth take the phone. The new secretary had made no move toward the phone She was staring at the yellow woman in astonishment. That determined person was not one to wrangle phone herself and called the number.

"You women think I'm a mark." she pleasing policemen. In the market June's maid, compan scornfully stated to Mrs. Perry while ion and protector wandered from stall she waited. "You'd sting me for a to stall, selecting her tlny purchases thousand dollars rather than sting your husband for it. See this card?" She held of fruit and vegetables. She was just deciding on the tremendously important selection of the chicken W. Perry, his business address, his home when suddenly an avalanche of tlam address, his financial rating, probable ing color fell upon her and a voles income, clubs and telephone numbers say, wha's Miss Junie?" tion against which she had pitted her hands were gripped on Marie's arm melf. "Mr. Perry, please." The yellow A crowd began to gather immediately brired woman's voice had undergone Marie straightened berself stiffly. a complete change. It was very pleas ant of inflection, though it rasped 'His wife wishes to speak with him. wheezed, her broad bosom jumping up She handed over the telephone, and

and down. "You say you don't know June, seeing Mrs. Perry's unsteadiness, Ain't I Debloy? Ain't you Marose and compassionately gave the worie?" man her chair. The yellow haired one Marie with a sudden jerk freed her walked calmly over to her own desk and ok up the extension phone. June looked at her but and cont. She

self from that earnest group and would have been far down the street had it not been for the thickening crowd seemed quite bewildered. She could Asint Dobby, plunging forward with not quite understand what this was all unfatievable agailty, threw both arms

must voice of a big polesman.
"I want that woman took in charge?"
panted Aunt Debby, and she rolled her "Oh, you do!" And the officer of the

What's the matter here's

law turned on Marie an eye which was perfectly ready to be suspicious in spite of its disincilnation. "What's the The voice of Aunt Debby rose shrilling

"She done stole my pocketbeck!"
It was Marie's turn to look astounded.
"Oh, she did! When? Here in the "Yas, sir, she did. Right up byah at

the chicken stand!" Well, what's that on your arm? And Aunt Debby's eyes dropped as she saw the stora gare of the policeman fixed on the rusty old hand bug which

ance is due," urged Mrs. Perry, and

While She Described the Chicken Pat-

rringed her thick forearm. She had forgotten that detail in her planning. Open it up," ordered the officer, who pened it himself. It had bitts and silver in it. Aunt Debby's reading spectucles and her farsighted ones, some peppermint lozenges, brunette face

"That's enough?" growled the office: "No negro ever had two pocketbooks. What have you got to say, miss?' And he was quite respectful to Marie. "I don't know her, Mr. Officer, smiled Marie.

"You, Marie," screamed Aunt Deb by, "you say you don't know me?"
"Go on about your business," or dered the big policeman.

"I don't leave this spot without that girl!" declared Aunt Debby, planting baired woman's hand. her fists on her hips and spreading ner feet apart. Then the outraged The terrified little blond looked up Incredulously. It was as if she had majesty of the law asserted itself. "Hey. Billy! Call the wagon." H yelled.

the memorandum slip. Perhaps with that she could win back all that she "Please don't arrest her!" begged Marie

She was too late; the wagon had very glad indeed, but now she was in been called. "Sorry, mies," said the officer who

had first interfered, "but this party went too far." And he turned to help toss the culprit in "Oh, Mr. Dowd!" The voice of Ma

rie was suddenly bright and care free The three policemen who had been is at 48 Kingsley court gambling, and assisting Aunt Debby turned quickly she's going to be exposed in half an Officer Dowd pushed bour if you aren't here to pay her through the crowd to the side of Ma

What's the trouble?" he mouired. Marie whispered her explanation. "Let the smoke go, boys," requested Officer Dowd excelemty. "It's all n mistake."

"Now you hike!" ordered the police man and gave Aunt Debby a poke it

the ribs Slowly she waddied to the chicken market, where she found her busket lutact in the stall of the poultryman, N the corner near Mrs. O Keefe's home Officer Grady over to life to and slowly she walked up a block to the adjacent arenue, where stood the

"Jorry," she called as she climbed to help Marie across the street creathlessly to her seat by the driver, I done seed Marie! And whah she es Miss Junie fs!"

The car was already started.
"Where?" asked Jerry, all quivering

Aunt Debby's eyes rolled. She could talk no more, but she made a circular otion with her hand, and Jerry un-

There seemed to be small profit in circulating, and after a few minutes of this tedious process Aunt Debby, who seemed to be tremendously prolific of ideas today, said:

"Mistah Ned!" To Ned's they drove, and within five minutes after Aunt Debby's excited report Ned Warner and John Moore and three long and lanky detectives were headed for the market, with Jerry and Aunt Debby up in front. At that point they scattered, and it was Ned whose inquiries after Marie led all the way to Officer Dowd.

CHAPTER III. HEAVY jasked, firm mouthed, square bended and level eyed man stopped at the door of 48 Kingsley court and rang the beil with a vigorous jerk.

"Mr. Perry," he autoenced bluntly. 'Yes, sir," replied the impudent page shricks of fright, an everturning of girl, by no means abashed, and she threw open the parlor door "Highit She grinned as she switched to here." on the lights for him and saw that be was oppressed by the fact of the drawn

The yellow haired woman found him

standing solidly in the center of the room, facing the door. The

Mrs. Perry's life went tuto the cell Jackson Perry came burnting through the door and found Jene to the midel

Mes. Perry to her sems.

of the prodemontum, with the line

"Gwen!" cried the man, and the cel

came from his heart. He had feared that she was dend, but she opened her eyes as he took her to his arms, and

there in the midst of that fraulic com-motion their lips met in the kiss of a new isstrothal.

The yellow haired woman had walk-

ed only to see Perry clasp his wife in-his arms; then, leaving wide the calon door, she rushed toward the basement

Ready with that fire?' she yelled.

"Ready with that one?" and passed.

"It's ready, all right," replied the page girl, bursting out of the basement door, and with her came a tremendous cloud of smoke. It poured into the hall and into the salon. The page girl was choking with it. "They fooded

he first one, and the boss has been

fighting ever since, trying to keep the

June rushed out through the ball,
"Not that way!" called the page girl,
"The cops are at the door! Wait for

The explanation of that was slow in

oming to June. When the yellow hair-

ed woman sont for a husband she had

always to fear the police, and the only way to foll a ruid was to confuse it

Thoroughly frightened, June turned

back toward the salon, and as she pass

the dark, black vandyked face of Gill

"This way!" called the reliew baired

woman and with a jerk of a tasseled curtain cord drew aside the great rel-low hangings of the salon windows,

The terrifled women threw open the

windows in an instant and were out on the latticed balcony, down the steps

and through the yard to the walled

As June sped away she heard the clang of the fire engines and the hourse

her boarding a downtown car.

All unconscious that she was pur-

sued and grown careless by her three days of safety in the Widow O'Keefe's

thoroughly protected house. June alighted at her usual corner and hur-

ted down the cross street. At an ir-

egular corner, where half a dozen

easly off. June met on a narrow cross

ing a being fairly jiggling with alco-hol. Her heart popped into her throat, and she was about to turn back, for

she would have died rather than to have brushed clothes with the object,

That was enough for one day, and June ran down the street, past the lit-

tle fountain, into the sanctuary of the

five minutes afterward.

its of the gathering crowd in front

park fronting on the other side.

ed the basement door she saw co

through the rolling y

which ran to the floor.

caught the next one.

with a fire.

bert Blye!

Where is my wife?" he loadly debobus Don't bark at mor snapped the gelw halred woman. The man shated sone of its intensity

ne be repeated his demand.
"In a minute." The yellow haired woman was quite calm and collected. 'I don't mind turning over a purior to

settle a domestic ecrap, but I want my bill settled first. Eight-fifty." "How do I know that she is guilty of gambling? How do I know that she is

"Want to see her with the goods? Well, Jackson, if you'll promise to behave I'll show her to you through

The man's fists clinched convutatively. "You'd better pass over my eight-fif-first." said the yellow haired wo

"Just a minute, please." A sweet voice, low, gentle, cultured no such voice as the man had expected to hear in this place. He was equally impressed when he turned and saw the boau tiful young girs who had glided through the rear door, her face full of serious

purpose. "Who rang for you?" snapped the vellow haired woman, her eyes flam ing with instant resentment.

"I stayed in this house for no other reason than to see Mr. Perry," an-nounced June, with no trace of timidi-

"What do you know about this?" "Mrs. Perry is in deep trouble and needs your help."

"She had no reason to be in trouble. give my wife an ample allowance." The man turned from June.

"You give it." Across June's mind there floshed again the whole of her own vital problem—that whatever the wife has must come from the husband in the in the nature of charity. She saw ber self again as the pitcous little beggs Ned, whom she loved, and she saw Mrs. Perry in that same attitude before this stern husband. right have you to call it a gift?"

The man stopped and turned to June with a puzzled brow. She had set estir in him a new thought.

"This angel of mercy stuff is bad for profits," rasped the voice of the reliev tend. "But I can't overlook a chance ike this. I know your kind. Jackson Perry. You give your wife an allow ance that covers everything but emer come in three times a year, and if he comes in four she loses. If she has a mad passion to treat a few of her friends to lee cream sodas she has to wait till next mouth's allowance day. "Well-well-well" gulped Aunt Deb-by, her eyes batting. "She done stole my other pocketbook" She done stole my other pocketbook" game, and she's been trying to overtake it ever since." A gentle hand was laid on the man's

"You will help her?" The low, sweet roice was full of more than appeal; it

was full of trust and confidence. There was a slight convulsive heav ng of Perry's shoulders, but that was all. He drew out a pocketbook and counted some money into the yellow

"Now, bring Gwen to me," he said, and his voice had no harshness, his eyes no sternness, his smile no bitter-

With moist eyes June burried from the room. . She was glad that she had stayed here, glad that she had come

wicker chair. Slippers," was all she said, Murie was on her knees in an

stant, showing every gum.
"Aunt Debby!" she cried, and from then on until long after the wonder ful chicken potple had been consumed the conversation flowed with never an

the New York which these two knew and it was as if no one could ever find

them here. They were safe. Safe! one ever safe? As Ned Warner stood trying valuty to extract luformation from Officer Dowd June's car dashed by him and he caught a glimpse

Officer Dowd was astonished to have his particularly insistent questioner stop abruptly in the middle of a sentence and go dashing madly after a street car. In haif a block the young

man gave up that absurd chase. The traffic thickened just beyond, so that for three or four blocks Ned was able to keep sight of the car as it stopped and started. Finally it was blocked, and Ned was able to catch up with it. June was no longer among the passengers!

There was a girl on your car wear ing a fur cap with a green tassel?' breathlessly said Ned to the conductor.

Bet your life." Where did she leave your car?" "On the track."

Ned dropped off the car, left to his own logic. June had slighted some where within these last two blocks One going farther west would in all probability have taken a more convenient our line. To the east lay a tenement district of old, small housest. On

the chance Ned struck east.

"Have you seen a girl wearing a fur up with a green tassel?" The young man with the yellow der y over one ear shifted his cigarette. "I'll be the Patsy. What's the an-

swer? He usked that question of countiess people. On a corner where half a dozen streets and alleys had staggered themselves by running into each other Ned found a human being swaying What Are They and What is Their cently in the breeze.

'Have you seen' Ned stopped after one glance into that vacuous face and one whire from that far from vacuous breath. "Pipe up, pal," husked the jiggled

Ned went over his formula Have you seen a girl wearing a fur up with a green tassel?

Well, what do you think of that?" And it stopped swaying for a moment. "A guy with black whishers," and the human being illustrated the Vandyke by a motion of his hand, "asked me the

Anys again; Ned climited his for "Did you see the girl?" The object minited. "'S none of your business?" he as award with great dignity and recis

Not gazed after him in perpiet There was no use to question that low any further, but it was cort that the man had seen June. His is passed this way then, the was so where near. And Blye! Blye, so, is passed this way! Ned chose the me direct street, the one which had to a I the fountsin, where another street a d sharply into it. And this fount was visible from the third the idows of the Wifow O'Rectivine. Ned Warner's heart was fol

Blyo had passed that way, but had gone up another street. Now too, in his wandering search for tunaway bride came down foward

tunaway bride came down forward the little fountain from the other angle. June looked out of the window. In the gathering dusk she and willbest recognizing them the two men approaching such other, with the sharp cornered building between. At the point and under the light they would meet, Gilbert Blye and Ned Warner. And the husband of June had murder in his heart!

(Continued Next Saturday.)

The Churches

Corner of Edith street and Central venue, in fibrary building. Carl ichmid, passor, Sunday school, 10 a. m.: German service, 11 a. m.

Brondway Christian Chorch,
Services in public library holiding.
Bible school, 3:45 s. m.; communion and sermon, 11 s. m.; missionary address, "Christ's Warld Purpose;"
Christian Endeavor, 5:30 p. m.; even ing worship, 7:30 o'clock, subject, ing worship, 7:30 "Bifted as Wheat."

of 48 Kingsley court.

Biye had dashed after her, but he reached the street only in time to see Contral Avenue M. E. Church South Corner Central avenue and Arms street; T. L. Lallance pasion

Sunday school, 5:45 a. m.; preaching by the Rev. Geo. N. Given, P. E., 11 a. m. and 7:20 p. m.; Epworth league, 6:30 p. m. Wednesday prayer meeting at 7:20

First Methodist Episcopal Church, Corner Lead avenue and Bouth Third street; Charles Ossar Beck-man, pastor; Miss Edith Gorby, deadingy stracts and alleys plunged to-gether and, apparently dissied by the impact, wandered angularly and aim-

Preaching by the puster at 11 a, m and 7:30 p. m. Morning theme, "The Relation of the Holy Spirit to the Moral Necessity of Man." Evening subject, "The Peril of the Unconvert-

ed Man." Sunday school at 9:43 s. m. Ep-worth league at 6:30 p. m., Fred Calkins, leader.

when the creature, estehing sight of her, immediately stepped far over late the pad, jerked off his battered cap and with it made a courtesy so sweep-ing that he was unable to rise up for Mrs. M. T. McGriff of Columbus. Ga., wit; sing in the morning and there will be a duet by Messra Fal-kenburg and Sewell. Orchestra, charus chair, male quartet at night.

Pirst Congregational Church, Corner Coal avenue and Broadway, A. Toothaker, minister, residence, 695 South Edith street,

Widow O'Keefe's house, up the two flights of stairs and dropped into the Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; divine worship, 11 a. m., sermon theme, "Face to Face With Life's Greatest Question;" Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m., lender, Ralph Hernandez; gospei service, 7:30 p. m., theme, "Self Exam-

the conversation flowed with never an ebb.

It was good to have found a refuge sermon, 10. Exposition and aduration till 8. Peace prayers and beneaths New York which the new York which

Vesper Service, Rodey hall, University hill, March

21, 1915, 4 p. m. Plane voluntary, "Prelude et Cantine" (Bousseau), E. Stanley Meder. Hymn No. 41. followed by chant,

ord's Prayer, Selo, "In Thee, O God, Do I Put My Trust" (Spieker), Hugo C. Meyer. Responsive rending. Anthem, "Evening and Morning"

Oakeley), Vesper choir, Address by Rev. Charles L. Dean, mater Christian church, Hymn No. 85. Benediction.

Christian Science Society. Christian Science services are hold the Woman's club building, at the orner of Seventh street and Gold enue, every Sunday morning at 11 clock. Wednesday evening services are at o'clock. The public is cordially in-

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Reading room in the N. T. Armijo uilding, Room No. 18, open each week day from 2 to 5 p. m.

St. Paul's Evangelical Latherm Corner Silver avenue and Sixth street. Edward P. Schueler, D. D. pastor; parsonne, 306 South Sixtu street; phone 1693.

Services at 11 a. m. and 7:20 p. Joe Schreiber and Edgar Von Kem-ler are joint leaders of the Endeavor

topic at 6:30 p. m., "Favorite Books of the Bible, and Why." The Junior C. E. holds its first reg-ular topic meeting at 3 p. m. For the Wednesday evening service the subject will be "The Sacramenta"

Pirst Haptis Church. Corner Broadway and Lead avenue. C. T. Taylor, pastor, 306 South Waler street. Phone 1665.

We will observe Home Mission Sin-ay The pastor will preach at 11 day a. m. on "The South for Christ," and at 7:30 p. m. will deliver a stereopticon lecture on the work in cults, the Canal Zone and the southwest.

Sunday school, 2:45 a. m.; Juniur B. Y. P. U. and Sunbeame, 3 p. m.; eSnior A. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Mission Bunday school, Seventh street and Mountain road at I p. m.



She Saw the Dark, Black Vandyked Face of Gilbert Blye.

a harry to go! The vellow haired wo man overtook her in the half, and she putted June on the shoulder.

"You're all right. Penchie," she approved, "but remember this, the fixer June was putting on her hat and

cont when Mrs. Perry wonderingly fol-

lowed the yellow haired woman through the hall. It was yellow head's regular plan of campaign to confront ple without previous explanation. It saved wear and tear on the nerves. A moment later there was a shriek and as June came to the door Mrs. Perry, her eyes wild and her hair fly ing, came rushing back through the hall. She had gone only as far as the parlor door and at the first sight of her husband had run, overwhelmed with unreasoning terror. Back into the union Mrs. Perry fled and to her place next the dealer. With anakelike swift ness she jerked open the money draw er beneath the dealer's card box and snatched from it the shining revolver

which she had so often seen there. There was an instant's commotion chairs, as with a wild ery the woman swiftly taised the revolver to her tem-Before she could press the trighowever. June's strong young arm had thrown up the woman's wrist, and

the bullet which would have ended more thing!"